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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXI THURSDAY, APRIL 24, 1913. NUMBER 8.

THE TRUE STRENGTH OF NATIONS

There is something primitive, crude and unprogressive in the spectacle of a civilized nation, composed of millions of clever people, trusting for its defense to forts and ships. With all the resources of business, of science, of thought, to depend on force today is a lazy, even cowardly, shirking of the higher possibilities of national strength. To be surrounded by "gunmen" holding the drop on all commercial rivals is a sorry conception of a nation's greatness. This attitude has been as destructive to England's own peace of mind as it has been menacing to the world's welfare. For our republic to follow an example like this would be an ignominious surrender of democracy to mediaevalism.

—David Starr Jordan.

And now an English dramatist advocates permitting those attending theaters to smoke during the performance, hoping thereby to fill the fast disseminating seats. The next thing, we may hear of an invitation, on the part of up-to-date preachers, to their gentlemen auditors to light their cigars in order that they may better enjoy the sermon,—to say nothing more.

California has summoned the cheerful and cheery meadowlark into court and called upon it to give reasons why it should not be convicted as an enemy of the farmer and be taken from the list of protected birds. Learned professors have been doing detective work and it is found that the meadowlark does know how to find a luscious seed planted by the farmer's hand for other purposes, but for every one quart of grain found in the stomach of the charming marauder, there is to be found one and three-quarter quarts of insects stored away in his crop; thus this bird fights the battle with pests more successfully than any man made contrivances devised by the university. So the verdict is,—the meadowlark must live, and the wanton boy must point his murderous gun in other directions.

This week the centennial of Stephen A. Douglas is being celebrated. On the twenty-third day of April, 1813, was born, in a country physician's home, one who by virtue of a small but stalwart body and a conquering mind, won the title of the "Little Giant," which name will be forever associated with the greater name of Abraham Lincoln, "the rail splitter." In a sense Douglas justified the newspaper title of "The Man Who Made Lincoln," for he was the steel that tried the temper of Lincoln's blade. Never was a rivalry more persistently fought to the clear, and the great contest will ever stand as a high battle, where the noblest efforts of the contestants were brought out, unsoiled by personal animosity and vulgar hatred. Said Lincoln in 1856: "I affect no contempt for the high eminence he has reached. . . . . I would rather stand on that eminence than wear the richest crown that ever pressed a monarch's brow." Two years later Mr. Douglas said to Henry Wilson, in Washington, regarding Mr. Lincoln: "He is an able and an honest man, one of the noblest men of the nation. I have been in Congress sixteen years and there is not a man in the Senate I would not rather encounter in debate." As to the merits of the contention of the two great debaters history's comment is adequately expressed in the sentence: "Douglas after the great bout in 1858 won the Senatorship, but Lincoln two years later won the Presidency." Douglas was the victor on the short race, Lincoln won out on the long race. When Lincoln took the solemn oath to maintain the integrity of the nation, Stephen A. Douglas held his hat.

It is to be regretted that Mary O'Connor Newell's sketch entitled, "In Court with Chicago's Mother Judge," published in last Sunday's *Record-Herald,* has not found a wider reading constitutency and a more permanent place than that secured in the columns of the Sunday issue of a daily paper. That "Mother Judge" is Miss Mary Bartelme, who for sixteen years has been public guardian for Cook County, and whose main business it is to take care of the small properties of orphan children. Miss Bartelme has been the maiden-mother of unnumbered boys and girls through all these years. When Judge Pinckney, of the Juvenile Court, made it a condition that he must have a woman assistant to handle the cases of girls, because, as he said, "I find I never get to the bottom of the cases of delinquent girls," Miss Bartelme was the one prepared by nature and by training for the high and delicate job. A thoroughly trained lawyer, whose native power had been sweetened and strengthened under the virile ministry of the lamented and beloved pastor of the People's Church, Hiram W. Thomas, she became a judge, an interpreter of the law, prepared by the gospel of human brotherhood and divine Fatherhood. Let not Chicago's place in civilization or its contribution to progressive government be considered settled or even stated until the story and work of Miss Bartelme be known and her contribution be estimated. In the presence of such manifestation of power, such concentration of character, such persistency, and with all such modest devotion, the woman's cause is finding

its truest advocate. Woman's suffrage comes not by violence or even with observation, but with service, ability, and a devotion that looks away from self.

At a meeting of the Study Section of the Lincoln Centre Fellowship, held April 14, in Emerson Hall, a special executive session was called, over which Mr. Leroy A. Goddard, president of the State National Bank, presided, the following resolutions commending the efforts of the Secretary of State, William J. Bryan, in his policy to obviate the necessity of battleships during his term, as set forth in his speech before the Navy League at its eighth annual meeting, on the night of the 11th instant, in Washington,—were offered by Mr. S. C. Folk, and after a general discussion they were unanimously adopted:

WHEREAS, Mr. Josephus Daniels, Secretary of the Navy, in a formal speech before the Navy League, on the evening of April 11, on the occasion of the League's eighth annual banquet, said in part:

"If we can convince the people of the United States that the Navy is theirs, and that you and I are here to carry out their wishes regarding it, I shall feel that my services have not been in vain. When the people ask for a large Navy we will have it, and not till then. If we get a large Navy the people must realize that we need it. We are endangering ourselves by under-estimating and minimizing our strength and incorrectly advertising ourselves as weaklings."

WHERAS, Mr. William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, who was the last speaker, had the courage to enter a mild protest stemming the tide of enthusiasm to a degree, and serving notice on the League and on the country that he would not favor more battleships unless needed to repel invasion, and that he would try during the next four years to obviate the need of battleships;

Now therefore be it resolved, That it is the sense of this meeting that Secretary William J. Bryan, by this act and speech, manifested broad statesmanship, and merits the approbation and support of the American people in this expressed policy.

That he voiced the sentiments of the majority who make and unmake presidents, cabinets and courts.

That we, citizens of Chicago, pledge him our hearty support in his efforts to show the Chancelleries of the world that disarmament may be safely accomplished, and we believe that if he should, in a considerable degree, succeed, he will have done much for the struggling millions who are weighted down with the burden of armaments and deprived of opportunities in times of peace because of the preparations for war. If this impetus given the cause of disarmament should grow and bear fruit, it would result in a great emancipation and a greater emancipator than this world has ever known before.

Resolved further, That the chairman of this meeting appoint two members to act with himself as a committee to transmit these resolutions to Secretary of State Bryan.

A recent issue of *Harper's Weekly* contains an editorial of much significance entitled "The Godless Good and Real Religion." There is nothing in the argument that would be surprising if found in the columns of a Unitarian or Universalist paper, or even in any of the so-called progressive organs of other denominations, but when the editor of *Harper's Weekly* enters the domain of theology and comes to the support of the London *Spectator*,—which has been publishing a "seriously intended article" on the "Godless Good,"—it is a significant indication that not heresy, but orthodoxy, is now on the defensive. The creeds are objected to by this writer on the ground that they "are static while life is fluid." He says:

Life is a continuous change, a living demand for action, readjustment, progress; it is incessant creation; it is vital movement. Nothing is still but death. Unless, then, creeds move, change, adjust, grow, struggle, man must continue to meet the same dilemma that he faces today. His creed is outworn and will not tally with the facts or the demands of reality.

A further quotation must complete our notice of an article that indicates how far the thinking world has gone beyond a confidence in dogmatic formulas, such as that represented by the gory confession which the great capitalist, recently dead, placed as a prelude to his will. In that instrument he sought to perpetuate a family inheritance of unnumbered millions, founded upon combinations, complications, intricacies and mysteries in the so-called commercial world whose boundaries can scarcely be considered co-terminus with the boundaries of the Kingdom of God and the righteousness belonging thereto.

The great value of religion is its power of binding together human souls. The flaw in the sectarianism now so swiftly passing was that it bound together a few in intense antagonism to others. But the mark of the new religious temper is peace, tolerance, inclusiveness, a wide and trustful outlook, a far vision. Fear, division, bitterness, are the hall-marks of the conquered sectarian. We can believe a man religious only when we see him consider himself and others under some universal aspect; when we see pushing through his thought and life the greater power that breaks down barriers; when we see in his daily life the stirrings of eternal life.

We may find this in the disinterested searchings of the scientist; in the struggles of the honest doubter; in the ever-renewed effort of the philosopher; in the simple man who has given up trying to think out the scheme of existence, but is living helpfully, mercifully, day by day. But in one place we shall not find the marks of true religion, and that is in the life of the satisfied believer who thinks he has reached the goal and is yet content to see one barrier set up between himself and the rest of life. For religion extends as far as the Whole, and the truly religious man will have as kindly a smile for the heading "the godless good" as he has for the godly wicked who daily beset his path.

The St. Louis Peace Conference

The fourth American Peace Congress, to be held in St. Louis, Mo., May 1, 2, 3, 1913, will be a meeting of increasing significance. Woodrow Wilson is the honorary president, the Hon. Richard Bartholdt, who has done so much for peace, is the acting president.

On Sunday, April 27, it is hoped that a notice of the Congress will be read in all the pulpits in the central West.

Tuesday evening, 8 p. m., the Missouri Oratorical Contest of the Intercollegiate Peace Association will take place, six colleges competing.

Wednesday, 9 a. m., peace exercises will be held in all the high schools, colleges and universities of St. Louis. In the afternoon the Jefferson Memorial will be dedicated in Forest Park. In the evening the American School Peace League will hold its meeting, President Thwing of the Western Reserve University presiding. There will be also a stereopticon lecture on "One Hundred Years of Peace," by Mr. James L. Tryon.

Thursday morning, May 1, 10 a. m., the opening session of the Congress will be held, Hon. Richard Bartholdt presiding. Addresses of welcome by the Governor of the State and Mayor of the city. Response by Senator Burton and an address by Andrew Carnegie. In the afternoon, 2 p. m., the Congress will meet in four different sessions. One, to discuss the promotion of international peace; at another, Inter-American Relations; the third, The Universities and the Peace Movement, and the fourth, a Symposium on Disarmament, presided over by David Starr Jordan, with addresses by Andrew Carnegie, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Philip Van Ness Myers.

Thursday evening, 8 p. m., at the Odeon, Frederic A. Hall, Chancellor of Washington University, presiding. The following addresses will be given: "Some Racial Bearings of War," Miss Laura Drake Gill; "Peace, Not War, the School of Heroism," Jenkin Lloyd Jones; "From Jungleism to Internationalism," Charles E. Beals; and addresses by Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks and Mr. Booker T. Washington.

Friday forenoon will be given to the problems of the Hague Conference; the afternoon, to the annual meeting of the Missouri Peace Society; the evening, to a general session presided over by Hon. Charles W. Fairbanks, with the following program: Addresses on "The Immediate Issue," by Mrs. Lucia Ames Mead; "The Better Way," by Hon. Philip P. Claxton; "The Burden of the Nations," by Mr. Thomas E. Green, and an address by Dean Shailer Mathews, of the University of Chicago.

At the Third Baptist Church at the same hour a Young People's Mass Meeting will be held, presided over by Andrew Carnegie, President David Starr Jordan delivering an address on "Manhood and War," Prof. Jay William Hudson one on "The Ethics of Militarism."

Saturday forenoon will be given to a consideration of "A Century of Anglo-American Peace." In the afternoon "International Peace Through International Law" and a symposium on "The Militarist Challenge," presided over by Benjamin F. Trueblood, secretary of the American Peace Society. In another place there will be a discussion on "Scientists and International Peace," presided over by President Jordan. Still another meeting will discuss "The Relations of Business to International Peace," Mr. Leroy A. Goddard, president of the Chicago Peace Society, presiding. At 4 p. m. an address will be given by William J. Bryan, Secretary of State, who will again speak on Saturday evening on "The Outlook of Peace Throughout the World."

Sunday morning, May 4, Peace Sermons will be preached in all the pulpits of St. Louis. At 3 p. m. a German-American meeting presided over by the Hon. Richard Bartholdt.

Thus it will be seen that there will be at St. Louis a great program to represent a great movement, and we doubt not the spirit and the attendance will be such as the occasion deserves.

"OUR WALDENSES"

Our Unitarian Cousins in Transylvania

There are many persons of Unitarian faith—many in, many out of, all churches—who do not take the Unitarian name. But there are three groups that do take it. One is in England. It dates from the Cromwell time, about 1650, but is mainly traceable along lines of liberalizing Presbyterianism until the close of the following century, when the dangerous title was openly adopted. Not a few of our chapels in England today rest legally on old Presbyterian foundations. There are now in Great Britain about three hundred and seventy-five Unitarian churches.

A second group is our own, here in America. This came into being as the result of a culture movement inside the old homesteads of the Puritan faith in New England,—those Congregational churches, severely Calvinistic, which the earliest settlers established. The church of the Pilgrim Fathers at Plymouth, the "First Parishes" of Salem and Boston and Cambridge, and of many of the old towns around Boston within a radius of fifty miles from Harvard College, have been for nearly the whole of the last hundred years avowedly Unitarian in faith. As in England, it was a case of gradual evolution. From 1750 onwards the liberal tendency in these congregations grew stronger and stronger until the more orthodox minorities could stand it no longer; and at last, about 1815, came a split. Since then there have been in America two bodies of Congregationalists, the Trinitarian and the Unitarian. The latter has spread sporadically over the country to the Pacific coast, but it can hardly expect to ever become a large body. Nor is there the once dire need that it should. Liberalized Orthodoxy is now asserting with emphasis and enthusiasm many of the very beliefs and principles which made it seem necessary to Orthodoxy to exclude Unitarians a hundred years ago. Meanwhile, so many of our greater Americans in the past—poets, historians, philanthropists, statesmen—have been of the Unitarian faith that its influence in the national life has been wholly out of proportion to its numbers.

For the third group bearing our name we must cross the Atlantic and cross Europe, and find our way almost to the borders of Turkey, to the little mountain-land of Transylvania, grottoed among the Carpathian Alps in the extreme southeastern corner of Hungary. Over those Alps lie the Balkan provinces, that are just freeing themselves today from the grip

of the Turk. The two or three loftiest-lying counties of this little land are the home of the Szeklers, of whose four hundred and fifty thousand some seventy or eighty thousand are our fellow Unitarians. "Our Waldenses," some one has called them, because they are an ancient folk, a mountain-folk, a humble folk, and a sturdy martyr Church. A martyr Church, for from their founder David's time well nigh to our own they have suffered persecution for their faith. They have today a hundred and sixteen churches with pastors, and some fifty affiliated little folds that are shepherdless. This is the oldest group of Unitarian Christians in the world. They date from the close of the great Reformation days. John Calvin had been in his thin-peopled heaven but three or four years when they came to birth as a church. These are the real old primitive stock of Unitarianism; *we* are the variations! This relic church, hidden in space and hidden in time, and almost forgotten of Christendom, was re-discovered by western Europe less than a hundred years ago. Since the discovery acquaintance and friendship have grown between it and the other two sister-groups. Now and then one from the mountain-land ventures over the seas to grace our American Conferences. Such a presence a few years ago was Professor George Boros of the Kolozsvár College, the secretary of their Synod. Now and then one of our sort wanders over the Hungarian plain to be welcomed in Kolozsvár as an angel-guest. Were we to go thither, what would we find beside and behind the generous welcome.

A legend, for one thing. Their own legend, which the scholars will hardly allow to be history, has it that the Szeklers are descended from a squad of Attila's fifth-century Huns. After his defeat at Chalons in France (A. D. 451), one of Europe's history-shaping battles, a part of the horde, in the rush of retreat to the east, lost their way, it is said,—one band veering northward to find a home by Russia's icy sea and become the Finns of today,—another veering southeastward to be stranded in the Carpathian mountains and become there our Szeklers. Four centuries later another race of Huns, streaming out from their haunts by the Volga, flowed into the great Danubian plain and on over Germany, Flanders, France to the sea; and then turning back, settled down by the bend of the Danube and gave the land the name of Hungary, by which we still know it. These were the proud Magyars, and this the conquest whose thousandth anniversary was celebrated with great rejoicings in 1896. One thing is made certain by language —the Finns, the Szeklers, the Magyars, are three cousin-races, all of Turanian stock, aliens in Aryan Europe. The last two have blended as Hungarians now, and both are proud of the name. Five or six centuries after the Magyars came still a fourth cousin-race from the east, the Turks, the last of the great Asian waves of invasion. They captured Constantinople in 1453, and were at the height of their power in Europe during the Reformation period. When Francis David, the founder, was a boy of sixteen, a terrible slaughtering victory made them masters of a large part of Hungary, with Buda-Pesth as their capital. There they waited for a hundred and sixty years, always watching to leap again and leap farther and keeping Germany ever on guard. And now it was their own Christianized cousins, the Magyars, who became the living barrier of heroes that held back from Europe the menace of Mohammedanism. The failure to capture Vienna in the siege of 1683 was the beginning of the end of the Turkish dominion in Europe,—that slow end which we, in turn, are watching today. Through all these years little Transylvania, fortressed in her mountains, preserved partial independence under princes of her own, sometimes fighting the Turks, sometimes on good terms with them, sometimes even protected by them against Roman Catholic fellow-Christians.

So much for the question of race. With permission of the editor the story of the birth of the Unitarian Church among these people, and of Francis David, the Reformer, its founder, may be told later in UNITY. But now for a glimpse of our Szekler brethren themselves, and of their Church as we find it today.

They are a fine looking people, of gentle and serious face; "a peasant aristocracy" of freemen, strikingly superior to the ordinary Hungarian peasants, who up to 1785 were serfs attached to the soil. The men wear broidered trousers tucked into high-top boots, coats or waistcoats buttoned to the chin, and low black hats; the women wear dark kerchiefs, broidered jackets over white waists, skirts voluminously belled out, and top-boots like the men. They are almost all either farmers or miners, with very few men of means among them. The usual home is a white stone cottage, only one story high under the tiles or the thatch, with a picturesque steep-roofed barn looming behind. Always a brave race of patriots, in the fierce old times they were the "embattled farmers" and "minute-men" of the borders, sturdy and trusted defenders of the mountain-passes; and the land is still sprinkled with fortress-churches, "village Kremlins," in which the women took turns with the men when a siege was in process, while the children kept on at their lessons in shot-proof schoolrooms chambered out of the walls! They are a temperate, kindly, hospitable folk,—*so* hospitable that a big help of anything at table is called a "Unitarian piece,"—and with a family life so warm and loving that even the hostile old chroniclers give them credit at least for morality. A Catholic priest of the sev-

enteenth century writes to Venice, praising their virtue, but advising their repression because their good lives were a recommendation of their detestable doctrines and a standing reproach to the life of the Catholic clergy. Education is highly valued among them, though from their poverty elementary schools have to suffice for the most. Three high schools or colleges, and a theological school, open their doors to the six or seven hundred more fortunate ones. Until of late each church had its own school attached. Now many of these schools are taken over by the State; but the little Unitarians are still carefully taught by their minister the principles and history of their faith, and made ready, by the time they are twelve or fourteen years old, to be confirmed as church-members. So they grow up, like the Jews, proud of their martyr-story; and a disloyal Unitarian in Transylvania is rare.

The minister is a man of consequence. Two things are wisely required of him: he must own a Bible, and, if he marries, must marry a Unitarian girl. To fit him to be of best use to his farmer-flock he is trained at the Divinity School in the higher agriculture and higher sanitation as well as the higher criticism. The churches usually own a few acres of land, or have a small endowment; and with a parsonage, a little farm and an orchard, he and the Unitarian girl are passing rich on $320 a year. The State fixes this as the "minimum wage," and, if necessary, makes up the deficit,—an arrangement that costs independence, but saves the annual struggle which some of us know in America.

Every morning the pastor leads his people in a short service of worship before they go to the fields, —the hour shifting from four to eight o'clock according to the season. Sunday morning is holy day; the afternoon, after the second service, is holiday; the evening may bring dance and festivity. Outside, the old churches are picturesque in their simplicity; inside, they are bare. Organs are a nineteenth-century innovation, having been under ban until recently as lacking Scripture authority. The people usually sit on open benches, men and women on opposite sides of the church facing each other; between them an open space with the table on which the Lord's Supper is served to communicants standing around it in relays, first the men, then the women. Four times a year the Supper is celebrated, and every member who possibly can be is present. On Good Friday the story of the the Passion is sung "to an old-world tune of weird beauty." The choral hymns are rolled out in slow-moving surges of sound. The sermons, usually preached without manuscript, are practical rather than doctrinal; and attack on other people's belief is forbidden by a wise rule of the Church.

The church-government is of the Presbyterian order. A congregation elects its own ruling elders or "inner men," and belongs to a circuit, of which there are nine, each having its council, curators and a visiting dean, who once a year goes the round of his charge to inspect the material and spiritual conditions. Above these comes the Central Consistory and Synod of some two hundred members, largely laymen,—a rather close corporation; and over all this a Bishop. When a society needs a new minister, its elders, trusting to hear-say rather than hearing, select three candidates, from whom the people designate one; all three names are then submitted to the Bishop, who usually, not always, appoints the one whom the people desire. The appointee is obliged to accept the appointment! Should the people tire of their minister and dismiss him, they will have nothing to say about his successor, the choice in this case resting wholly with the Bishop,—a contrivance that probably tends to lessen contention, if it does not increase the content. To this close-fibred organization, so unlike our own free congregational system, the Unitarian Church in Transylvania doubtless owes its preservation through the persecuting centuries.

This persecution has taken, not the cruel old-time forms of stake and prison and banishment, but forms of steady repression and oppression. When David the founder died, his Church was the leading Church of Transylvania; but it soon was shorn of that rank, and outside, in Hungary proper, soon lost its existence. The liberty to print, to proselyte, to hold synods, was limited. Books that were written had to circulate in manuscript, if at all; schools were closed, churches were taken from them—sixty-two at one swoop,—and given to Calvinists and Catholics; all this even while the Turks, their semi-protectors, were the over-lords of the land. When the Turks were expelled at the end of the seventeenth century, and the Austrian Hapsburgs and Jesuits came into power, the blight and the trampling grew worse. The eighteenth century was one chronic suppression of rights. Extreme circumspection was necessary to avoid trouble with the government. David's name almost faded from speech, and Unitarians were afraid to count him as one of their bishops. The holding of public office was forbidden to them,—a stigma that cost them many of their better-off families. Only the humble band of Szekler farmers remained faithful. That sturdiness, and the old charter which had authorized the faith as one of the "four received religions" —a charter dating back to David's own day,—saved them. The French Revolution with its wide-circling upheavals brought the first relief; and the Kossuth Revolution of 1848, after frightful convulsions, brought more. Unitarianism, authorized before only in Transylvania, was made legal throughout Hungary. A kind of renaissance set in. Old liberties were

restored; schools, churches, publications slowly revived. Friendly relations with fellow-Unitarians in England and America were established, and Channing, Parker, Martineau became *their* prophets also. Finally, in 1895, but not until then, only eighteen years ago, every bar was removed and religion made free for all in Austria-Hungary.

So the centuries of misfortune, we may hope, belong now to the past. Today there seems to be a general and deep good-will through the land towards the Unitarians. If a new Unitarian Church is to be built, the subscription-paper circulates outside, as well as inside, the little community. A Unitarian student of promise, if poor, is helped to a college-scholarship in the same way. And at the recent four-hundredth anniversary, in 1910, of their founder's birth, public sympathy cordially expressed itself,—mayors of cities, Catholics, Lutherans, Calvinists all taking part. On that occasion they dedicated a tablet to David's memory in the castle where he died, a prisoner for his faith; and in his address their aged and much beloved Bishop Ferencz said: "*Now* our lines are falling in pleasant places. There is no danger for us any more in the practice of our religious convictions. Our doctrine, the worship of God in One Person, gradually finds acceptance with many an earnest soul the world over. For creeds and confessions to cause division among us is a thing of the past. Love now prevails over all distinctions of faith." And the good bishop quaintly and lovingly linked one of our own prophets with theirs in his prayer: "Spirit of our Teacher and Leader of old" (this to Francis David), "rest assured that thy prophecy—the prophecy of 'Truth never to be baffled in its triumphant course by cross or by sword'—is being realized. . . . Bring this earnest of the spirit to the shades of thy compeers, whose faith on earth thou didst share. And carry our brotherly love especially to the choice spirit of Theodore Parker, who lived to see the fame and glory of his work, and whose hundredth birthday has already been celebrated by our English and American friends!"

After that prayer they surely are "*our* Waldenses!"

W. C. G.

LOVE'S SERVITOR.

Dear love, grant me this and I am content!
  To serve in the temple hidden from idle gaze;
  To heed your wishes, impatient of long delays
That love's embassies would hinder or prevent;
With the ardor of knightly courtier as he bent
  To spread his mantle, bridging the miry ways
  For queenly feet, and all his courtly phrase:
Nor less his fate, could I deem as punishment!

When patient love outwatches the longest night,
  For the sedulous sentry never sleeps at post,
  My thoughts light-winged to heaven never tire
Seeking His watch and ward till morning light:
  Aye, grateful to the night whose shadowy host
  Holds in his dominion my heart's dear desire!

Shelbyville, Ind. —ALONZO LEORA RICE.

The Study Table

South American Notes

BY FREDERICK STARR.

Just now we are all awake to South America. Most of our interest is no doubt due to the approaching completion of the Panama Canal. Some of it is due to the fact that Latin America has been celebrating its independence centennary and hints of the celebrations have come to us. At all events books and articles about our sister continent are appearing in numbers, and we seem willing to hear of South American happenings and to recognize South American achievements.

THE CENTRAL UNIVERSITY OF VENEZUELA.—As a contribution to the celebration of national independence, the Central University of Venezuela, located at Caracas, is issuing a history of its existence and work. The first volume has appeared,* comprises more than 400 octavo pages, and covers the period from the foundation of the institution up to 1827, the date of its reorganization under the new government. In 1593 royal sanction was granted for instruction in Spanish grammar and for a seminary of ecclesiastical education at Caracas; nearly a half century passed, however, before, in 1641, under Bishop Mauro de Tovar, actual instruction, even in this modest form, began. Changes and some development took place as the years passed. Finally, in 1721, King Philip V developed the school, then known as the College of Santa Rosa, into a royal university. The public ceremonies of foundation took place on the 11th of August, 1725, and from that time onward to 1827 the university had a continuous and useful existence. The history is drawn from original records and documents, many of which are transcribed in full, and give an interesting picture of conditions, life and thought. Finances were frequently in a precarious state, and the shifts, devices and economies to which the directorate was driven are interesting. As all universities, that of Venezuela was ever a body of conservatism, and its sympathies at the outbreak of the revolution—and indeed throughout the struggle—were with the mother country and the king. At first largely, almost exclusively, theological in control and instruction, the way in which secular and scientific studies had to fight for existence and foothold is full of interest. As the stronghold of orthodoxy, the institution was at times called upon to combat dangerous heresy or threatening innovations by official pronouncements. The accounts of public functions give a clear picture, not only of ceremonial procedure, but of student practices. The university has had an honorable career and trained most of the men prominent in state and church for more than a century. The history of the university from 1827 down to the pres-

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* HISTORIA DE LA UNIVERSIDAD CENTRAL DE VENEZUELA. J. de D. Mendez y Mendoza. Caracas: 1911. Tipografia Americana. 8vo, pp. xiii, 414.

** TEATRO CRITICO; also LIBRO RARO. Gonzalo Picon-Febres Curazao: 1912. Bethencourt e Hijos. 8vo.

† SOUTH AMERICA: OBSERVATIONS AND IMPRESSIONS. James Bryce. New York: 1912. The Macmillan Co. 8vo, pp. xxiv, 611. Price, $2.50 net.

‡ THROUGH SOUTH AMERICA. Harry W. Van Dyke. New York: (1912). Thomas Y. Crowell Co. 8vo, xxiv, 446. Price, $2.00 net.

° MODERN ARGENTINA: THE ELDORADO OF TODAY. W. H. Koebel. Boston: (1912). Dana Estes & Co. 8vo, pp. xv, 380.

ent will be given in the following volume. The work is, of course, in Spanish.

Dr. Gonzalo Picon-Febres.—We have already called attention in Unity to Dr. Gonzalo Picon-Febres, at one tie consul from Venezuela in New York and a well known man of letters. Now living in Merida, on the Venezuelan side of the Andes, he still vigorously pursues his literary work. Two books appeared from his pen during the past year.** "Teatro Critico Venezolano" (Venezuelan Critical Theatre) is a book of unusual personality. The author himself indicates its character by a three line note on the title page, which, translated, reads: The author of this book judged by his contemporaries (1880-1912). In the book he brings together a great number of printed judgments and references regarding his literary and public work. These are grouped under the headings, "Upon History," "Upon Oratory," "Upon Fiction," "Upon Poetry," "Upon Criticism," "Sketches," "Biographies and Characterizations." Picon-Febres has contributed to many fields. His "History of Venezuelan Literature in the Nineteenth Century" is standard; his poems are delicate and beautiful, carefully constructed and meeting the rigid laws of poetical art; his criticisms are judicious and illuminating; he has written novels in which he depicts the national life with force and skill; he is an orator of parts and some of his public efforts have made a sensible impression; he has held public office—as a cabinet minister; he has traveled and knows the world. After all this, he now brings together in a thick volume the judgments of his contemporaries upon his work. Fundamentally a scrap book, the volume is far more. The author's comments upon friendly judgments are interesting, his answers to unfriendly ones are instructive; his amplifications, in the light of experience and subsequent events, of points originally touched briefly, are valuable. A vast mass of new thought, a running fire of comment, ideas, fancies, are woven in, which make the book well worth reading. The author refers on various occasions to the United States. He does not love us; he came to this land of liberty imbued with admiration for our ideas and ideals; he thought he knew and loved us; but the reality disillusioned him; he finds us pretentious, hypocritical, commercial, rapacious. It is well for us sometimes to know how others see us.—Picon-Febres' second book of 1912 is "Libro Raro" (Rare Book). In it he treats of "the words, manners of speech, and other things of frequent use in Venezuela, some of which are found in 'Fidelia' and the other novels of the author." The book is a second edition, considerably enlarged. In his title page note the author says: "This book is one of honor, sincerity and good; it does not simply contain bare definitions; it is a book of history, of literature and criticism, of narrations, of things that will pass, of philology in the making, of uses and customs, of experience, sadnesses of life, popular jargon and other things which may be useful to one." The author "ventures to ask that it be read with attention and wholesome interest. Without doubt it is a book rare in its kind; but the thought is free as the bird which flies, intoxicated by the sun, through all space, and each reader may at his fancy use that which pleases him." To anyone interested in the magnificent Spanish language and its interesting American daughters, the book will prove of value. The author rightly claims that it is not a book of bare definitions; it is made most interesting reading by the introduction of anecdote, quotation, history, description, but never wanders out of its legitimate field.

New Books on South America.—The book upon "South America,"† by the recent British ambassador to the United States, is characteristic and worthy of the author of "The American Commonwealth." Mr. Bryce's journey led him into seven of the South American republics—Panama, Peru, Bolivia, Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Brazil. The trip was carefully planned beforehand. Mr. Bryce knew exactly what he wanted to see and took the time and trouble necessary to see it. He was making no short cuts; he was not trying to see everything; in lesiurely and satisfactory fashion he made his trips through lands of which he had read and dreamed, testing the realities. His book is, to a remarkable degree, a *personal book*. It is *his* observations and impressions that he gives. There is nothing of the guide-book and the encyclopedia about it; there is almost no quotation and reference. The book is one which will be as interesting and read as well fifty years from now as it does today, and will be as true. Mr. Bryce's observations are discriminating and thoughtful. He loves fine scenery and has unusual skill in its description. He has a wonderful sense of color, and one rarely finds scenic description in which shades and tints are so delicately appreciated and so accurately stated. The way in which he compares his anticipations with realities is charming. Mr. Bryce has a deal of sentiment, of mental imagery, and of imagination. He forms pictures of places, events and things from reading or hearing descriptions. He wanted to see Lake Titicaca, to stand before the Christ of the Andes, to pass through the Magellan Straits, in order to test his mental pictures, to vivify his ideals, to personalize his associations. About two-thirds of his book is given up to narrative and description. The rest consists of important chapters upon public and national matters—the Rise of New Nations, the Relation of Races in South America, the Two Americas and the Relations of South America to Europe, the Conditions of Political Life in Spanish-American Republics, Some Reflections and Forecasts. These, from a man of Mr. Bryce's position and career, from one who has thought so much and seriously upon questions of race and culture, are bound to be valuable. His judgment is, on the whole, fair and kindly and his attitude hopeful. He is exacting in his demands upon the word *nation*. For him, a true nation must have, not only a territory, government, ruler, but a people which has developed a distinctive character. Judged by this test, there are but five or six nations in Latin America—Chile, Argentina, Uruguay, Mexico, Peru, Brazil. Mr. Bryce's emphasis upon the divergence of the two Americas is shrewd and timely. South America is less connected to North America, in thought and sympathy, ideals and tendencies, than to Europe; interestingly, too, her closest European connection is with France, not Spain. As to the future, our author takes a hopeful view. Possibilities are enormous; development must come; "however little we can predict the part that her people will play, it must henceforth be one of growing significance for the Old World as well as for the New."

Bryce's book has not a picture in it; Van Dyke's book‡ is full of them and some are fine. Bryce's book is one of those that needs no pictures, is *best* without

them; Van Dyke's book counts upon them but has no evident basis of selection. Some of his pictures have relation to his text, but many have none; thus, we have taken eight consecutive pictures at random and looked for what they represent in the index of the book—certainly a fair method of judgment—and found but two of them there mentioned. Van Dyke's book is beautifully gotten up and it is interesting—easy reading. It requires no thought to enjoy it; in fact it is most enjoyed without thought. It contains an immense amount of information and *covers* its field. No country of South America is omitted. The first third of the book is given up to history—of a kind. It is constructed on the idea of a United States government report—clip anything to fill. Real history depends upon *original* documents and introduces and weighs them; but here we have page after page filled up with quotations from Hawthorne, Mozans, Prescott and Clements Markham—all good men, and interesting, but making bad mosaic and no one of them *original* authority. In four and a half pages of matter, Van Dyke's contribution and literary output is: "—— says Mozans—he adds—asks Hawthorne—he goes on to say—and he continues ——." Van Dyke indulges in strange spellings and curious Spanish. He mentions *chincona* a number of times; as he italicizes *Real Audiencias,* we must assume that he considers it good Spanish; similarly he gives us *Ministros Togado;* he etymologizes *quebracho* into *qui-bra-hacha,* which is delicious; he uses *peninsula* repeatedly as an adjective. These are little things, but they are little things which he need not have introduced; he goes out of his way to lug them in, as evidences of erudition. A reader with time to spare might find harmless amusement in guessing, by careful reading, just what places he describes, Mr. Van Dyke has never seen; your reviewer has a suspicion that such are usually described with exceptional detail. The author's style is catchy and interesting; it is ever sustained; it is equally enthusiastic, rapid and irresistible, irrespective of the subject; Chimborazo and "chincona" are equally deserving topics; history of great events and narrative of commonplace village life are equally inspiring. One almost wishes at times that Mr. Van Dyke might loiter, or dally—but no, he pushes on to the end, with the same impetuous intent of doing his whole duty by the reader. We do not wish to be misunderstood; the book is not a *bad one.* On the contrary, it is beautiful, interesting, instructive and useful. But it is funny; one of the funniest books that has come to our table for a long time. Not humorous, however. Perish the thought. The author takes himself seriously and expects us to do so.

Koebel's *"Modern Argentina"*° is a capital description of the marvelous country, not only of South America but of the world of today. It particularly deals with resources, utilization, development and material advance. It is evenly and attractively written. By an Englishman, printed in England, dealing with a land where English capital has played the chief part, and where the English probably still have the largest foreign interest, the book shows how pitiably we have neglected a continent which should have meant much to us. It shows how neighbors, whom we might have attracted and attached to us by friendly sympathy and wise co-operation, have had to look elsewhere for assistance and relation. The story of the development of Argentina reads like a fairy tale. Today the marvels of machinery, of production and handling of produce on a large scale and with scientific economy of time, force and labor, are best seen not among us, but in that far southern land. Argentina's vast plains, "the camp," have become the source of prodigious wealth, and the end is not yet; an enormous area still awaits development. Buenos Aires is one of the great capitals of the world. Elegance, luxury, extravagance are everywhere evident. A single generation has seen the transformation from the picturesque Spanish country life, bordering on mediaevalism, to the active cosmopolitanism of the twentieth century. Bryce demands a characteristic type in a nation; we find it here, and there is no question that Argentina is a mighty nation. Koebel shows us the details of national life and character. His book is an interesting and satisfactory description. He first brings the capital city clearly before us; he then depicts the features of characteristic smaller towns; he sketches the gaiety and elegance of Mar del Plata, the great seaside resort; he describes "the camp" as I believe it has never been described before—in its physical features, its fields, its herds, its *guacho* life, its wealth, its utilization. His description of Mendoza, with its vineyards and up-to-date wine making, is fine. He runs us across to the west coast and gives us just a glimpse of the Chileño, so different from the Argentino—less elegant and wealthy, but substantial and attractive. Lastly he briefly describes Uruguay, so different from Argentina physically and governmentally, in spirit and in life—but alive too. Once and again he makes a slip, when he is on unfamiliar ground—thus he knows naught of palaeolithic relics and little of crystals—but he usually knows whereof he writes and his book is of the best we have regarding South America. It never wearies, but continually interests and delights.

Books Received

B. W. Huebsch & Co.
Human Quintessence, by Sigurd Isben, $1.50 net.
The Discovery of the Future, by H. G. Wells, 60c net.
The Truth About Socialism, by Allan L. Benson, $1.00 net.
American Unitarian Association.
Twenty Years of Life, by Thomas Van Ness, $1.00 net.
Sherman French & Co.
A Little Book of Verse, by Leila Peabody, 75c net.
The Macmillan Co.
South America—Observations and Impressions, by James Byrce, $2.00 net.
Forbes & Co.
The Man and the Woman, by Arthur L. Salmon, 75c net.
Women as World Builders, by Floyd Dell, 75c net.
Divorcing Lady Nicotine, by Henry Beach Needham, 35c net.
Funk & Wagnalls Co.
The Apostle's Creed and The New Testament, by Johannes Kunze, 75c net.
Suggestions for the Spiritual Life, by Prof. George Raymond, $1.40 net.
Thomas Y. Crowell Co.
A Mexican Journey, by E. H. Blichfeldt, $2.00 net.
Now Publishing Co.
Success, How Won Through Affirmation, by Henry Brown, 50c net.
Department of Synagogue and School Extension.
Stories of the Prophets, by Isaac Landman.
World Peace Foundation.
The New Peace Movement, by William I. Hull.
The First Hague Conference, by Andrew D. White.
Little Brown & Co.
Pride of War, by Gustaf Janson, $1.30 net.
The Amateur Gentleman, by Jeffery Farnol, $1.40 net.

THE SUNDAY SCHOOL

The Growth of the Hebrew Religion

A YEARS WORK

In the Study of the Old Testament as given by Jenkin Lloyd Jones to his Classes in Religion

1912 — 1913

Prepared for UNITY by DR. ALICE D. WILLIAMS

VIII.

ZEPHANIAH.

TEXT: *Every morning doth he bring his justice to light, he faileth not. Zeph.* iii:5.

Zephaniah is another little book which has become a Biblical commonplace, and we are in danger of underestimating it because it seems to sound like so much else in the Bible. It is really a pivotal bit of literature, of great poetic power, of much sociological and religious significance. The same things distress Zephaniah that distressed the great Isaiah, perhaps a hundred years or so earlier.

The editorial inscription makes him of royal descent. If this is correct he was in direct line from King Hezekiah. The situation is clearly set forth in the prophet's little sermon. The Northern Kingdom has gone down. The Southern Kingdom is a vassal of Assyria and has escaped obliteration only by submission. There has been a reaction from the high zeal inspired by the great prophets. The people are tired of trying to live up to the prophet's ideal—a religion of righteousness and monotheism. They want to be like other people. Religious rites, ceremonies and fashions, of the dominating power, have come in and obscured the standards of the prophets.

This little book seems to be aimed at two or three very distinct classes: office holders, office seekers and those who were ready to Assyrianize themselves, as the Greeks at one time tried to Romanize themselves and adapt themselves to the new religion, and as the children of the emigrants in the United States, in a shallow way, turn up their noses at the old country customs of their elders. The children of foreigners are prone to put on airs, not because they are really impressed by the necessity of culture or progress, but because they want to be "in style." The office seekers, who are "all things to all men," and the indifferent Jews who pay no attention to civic righteousness, but in the strain and struggle of life ignore all tenets and religious requirements save as they serve their pleasure at the moment, greatly distress this prophet Zephaniah.

Sargent has pictured for us a venerable, pathetic old man, overwhelmed by the situation. Sanders and Kent make him a young man, contemporary with, and about the same age as, the young King Josiah. They regard him as moved by the enthusiasm and indignation of a young man who foresaw the drift of things. If they are right, Josiah, later on, heeded the message and undertook to reform and renew the standards of Judaism. This is a short poem, easily and quickly read. It is a great ethical protest against the corruption of the time. The preacher doubtless knew his Isaiah, though Isaiah had been dead nearly a hundred years. Zephaniah foresaw the doom to his country which came in his own lifetime, or very soon after his death. His period as given in our list is 621, Jerusalem surrendered to Babylon in 586. In about forty years the thing foreseen came true. Let us read this book not as Bible but as an old poem.

It is divided into a threat, an arraignment and a promise. Chapter I, verse 14: *"The day of Jehovah is near, the great day,"* presages the doom pronounced, which doom resulted from temporal complications and international rivalries. In Matthew 25, this verse has gained the significance of a day of wrath after death. The same thought in II Peter iii:10-13 became the basis of one of the great, awful hymns of Christianity, "The Dies Irae," which was written in the thirteenth century by Thomas di Celano, who placed the "day of wrath" far off in eternity. That awful day concerns no more the selected people of the Jewish race, but it involves all sinners. In Celano's thought it is what we are all coming to if we do not avail ourselves of the one mode of escape. It is beautifully phrased poetry. If the old monk had writen his hymn in prose it would have gone long ago; but he had poetic genius, and the awe inspiring Latin in which it is written is also an element of its immortality. You may not believe its pronouncement, but you are to be pitied if you can escape its spell; if you do not feel the mighty power of its thought; the searching quality of the theme, as well as the rhythmic, subtle charm of the form, even as we get it in English, though still more its primal power in the Latin original.

The sin of conceit is as near the unpardonable sin as we can get. We may be fatally contented with ourselves, and that was the attitude in his nation which so distressed Zephaniah. If you want to argue for literal interpretation, how painfully true Chapter ii:4 has come to pass. There is a picture by Rivière, called "Persepolis," showing an ancient, beautiful ruin with a flight of marble stairs leading up to a sand drifted floor. Here and there are marble columns and among them there are a few loafing lions. It is a wonderful picture of desolation! Have we come to a time when, by a law of nature, these periodic revenges of history will not break in, wipe off the slate and force us to begin again? Germany, Austria, England, France, Russia, the United States, the six boasted *Powers* of the world,—*the* Great Powers,—is there anything in the nature of things that will save them from such a destiny as has befallen that world which Zephaniah had under his eye? Surely they will have to go down in the same way unless pacific methods supplant war methods, and the achievements of science make common cause with the demands of religion and morals. History has justified Zephaniah to a degree he never dreamed of.

In the third chapter is a little song:

> Sing, O daughter of Zion; shout, O Israel;
> Be glad and rejoice with all the heart, O daughter of Jerusalem. . . . .

Here is something that challenges the arts of music, poetry and painting. It has not come, is it coming? This, written in a moment of high exaltation, has been crystalized by conceit and pride into something very different and hurtful. The old Jews narrowed it down to mean race preference, but the time will come when race lines and prejudices will be rebuked as Zephaniah rebuked the doctrinaires, dogmatists and conceited Israelites.

The Roman poet Horace, in the time of Christ, 1 A. D., wrote an ode "Of Rome's Degeneracy." In

his eyes the Roman situation paralleled the situation of Judah in Zephaniah's time. This poet saw the same thing that Zephaniah saw,—religion in terms of current politics. *Is* there any other religion? This is why dogmas and creedal questions are so uninteresting. "Who cares?" says the wise theologian now. You may find here and there a preacher who is trying to restate, in this twentieth century, the old doctrines. But it does not work. Social religion is the only religion. Righteous politics is the present form in which the higher ethics express themselves.

QUESTIONS ON ZEPHANIAH.

1. Why should we be interested in such a small book as Zephaniah?
2. What was the political situation when Zephaniah prophesied?
3. What was he concerned over?
4. Was his contention right?
5. What great poem was inspired by the New Testament version of the "great day of the Lord?"
6. What lesson has Zephaniah for us?
7. Are creeds necessary now? Why?
8. Is the judgment day future or present?

THE HOME

HELPS TO HIGH LIVING

SUN.—I am willing to trust for life and love while I know that the Power and Beauty which moulds the snowflakes is around me and is in me.

MON.—From heart to heart, from creed to creed,
The hidden river runs;
It quickens all the ages down,
It binds the sires to sons.

TUES.—Nothing in death can be stranger than everything in life.

WED.—We best see and feel the Life of God within the soul in everyday experiences.

THURS.—The smallest roadside pool has its water from heaven, and its gleam from the sun, and can hold the stars in its bosom, as well as the great ocean.

FRI.—The smallest kindness to the humblest creature belongs to the great economy that we call Providence.

SAT.—Public spirit begins in self-forgetting for those we love and widens into self-forgetting for all whom we can help.

—*Wm. C. Gannett.*

THE CHERRY FESTIVAL OF NAUMBURG

(A ballad founded on fact.)

Hard by the walls of Naumburg town,
Four hundred years ago,
Procopius his soldiers led
To fight their Saxon foe.
The blue sky bent above the earth
In benediction mute;
The tranquil fields reposed content
In blossom, grain and fruit.

But vain the *benedicite*
Of tender, brooding sky;
And vainly peaceful, smiling fields
Gave eloquent reply.
Unsoothed, unmoved, in Nature's calm,
The Hussite army lay,
A deadly, threatening human storm,
With Naumburg in its way.

To swift destruction now seemed doomed
The dear old Saxon town;
Before Procopius the Great
The strongest walls went down.
But soon upon the soft, calm air,
Came sound of tramping feet;
The Hussites quickly flew to arms,
Their hated foe to meet.

Ready they stood to face the charge,
The great gate opened wide,
And out they poured, not armed men,
But, marching side by side,
The *little children* of the town,
Whose bright eyes met their gaze
With innocence and courage all
Unversed in war's dread ways.

The men threw all their weapons down
At sight so strange and fair;
They took the children in their arms,
They stroked their flaxen hair.
They kissed their cheeks and sweet red lips,
They told how back at home,
The'd left such little ones as these,
And then they bade them come

To cherry orchards close at hand,
And there they stripped the trees
Of branches rich with clustered fruit;
Their little arms with these
They filled, and with kind words of peace,
They sent them back to town.
The soldiers then all marched away,
Nor thought of *war's* renown.

And now each year at cherry time,
In Naumburg you may see
The little children celebrate
This strange, sweet victory.
Once more the sound of tramping feet
Is heard, as, side by side,
They march throughout the quaint old town,
In childhood's joyous pride.

Once more they bear within their arms
Green branches, thro' whose leaves
Ripe cherries gleam, that tell a tale
More strange than fancy weaves,
About a bloodless battle fought
Four centuries ago,
When *children* saved old Naumburg town
By conquering its foe.

—*American Peace Society, Boston.*

For the Protection of the Birds—II.

CURRENT ITEMS OF INTEREST

Prepared by HENRY OLDYS

ENGLISH PLUMAGE TRADE.

The list of imported goods detained on board ship and in the docks and warehouses of London during the strike of 1911 included 618 tons of birdskins and feathers.

GERMAN BIRD KEEPER.

Hamburg, Germany, has a keeper of birds, appointed by the state, whose services are also at the disposal of private individuals who request his assistance.

FARMING EGRETS.

A French firm has offered a prize amounting to $2,000 for the first osprey (egret) farm established on French territory.

DESTRUCTION OF ROBINS IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

Last winter (1911-1912) the city council of Pittsboro, S. C., rescinded an order prohibiting shooting within the city limits, so that people might shoot robins that had been driven by a severe storm into the town to seek food and shelter. As a result of this action about 4,000 robins were killed in the town. The mayor of Pittsboro, who was absent at the time, learning on his return what had been done, resigned his office.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do Good is my Religion."

TURKEY'S CRISIS

Chief Rabbi Nahum must have considered just this time as highly propitious for an action to induce the Sublime Porte to abolish the two restrictions imposed upon the Jews in Palestine. He asks that the so-called red ticket be abolished, which restricts the sojourn of foreign Jews in Palestine to three months, and that the prohibition against acquiring real estate by Jews in Palestine, Turkish subjects included, be abrogated. He points out that the former discrimination, while never seriously enforced, is an insult to the Jews, and he proves that by the latter restriction Turkey has acted against her own best interests. The latter statement is absolutely correct. The Jewish colonists would undoubtedly have raised the value of land in Palestine to a much higher degree than they have done anyhow, had this impediment not been in their way. Zionists like to disclaim responsibility for the latter restriction, although it can hardly be accidental that the prohibition was issued just in 1884, when the "Lovers of Zion" began to settle in larger numbers in the Holy Land. How Turkey has acted against her own interests in this matter may be best seen in the case of the refusal of the Pasha to allow Jewish colonists in one of the colonies of Judæa, to plant trees on a dune that was threatening their farms. It seems difficult from a distance to imagine that at this critical moment the Turkish ministry should find time to take action in a case that was pending for several decades, but Chief Rabbi Nahum must understand the situation better, and it is to be hoped that his action will be successful.—*The American can Israelite.*

HONORED BY SCIENCE

From the press we get the information that sixteen women have recently been elected fellows of the Royal Geographical Society, London, and that the names of twenty others are being considered. The women so far honored are all travelers of wide experience. Among them are the following: Mrs. Olive Kemple, who penetrated into the heart of Central Africa to Madai, covering a distance of 4,500 miles. She gives an account of her adventures in her book, "Chiefs and Cities of Central Africa." The Misses Emma and Gertrude Bell, daughters of Sir Hugh Bell, have traveled extensively in Turkey in Asia, and the latter has, it is said, achieved fame by making several "first ascents" of Swiss mountains.

Mrs. D. Thomas Longstaff, co-mountaineer with her husband, has climbed some of the great ranges of two continents; and Miss Susette Taylor, also one of the favored, has been around the world, dwelt for long periods in India, traveled much in Russia and the Caucasus, and has been several times in the Chumbi Valley in Thibet, visiting her sister, Miss Annie Taylor, the first white woman to live in that section. W.

POLITICAL RECOGNITION OF RELIGIOUS DIVISIONS

Church organs that oppose appointments of Roman Catholics to public office, and those that demand Roman Catholic appointments as such, alike lay themselves open to just criticism. This republic is not an ecclesiastical nation. No President or Governor should appoint to public office any Catholic as a representative of Catholics; neither should he refuse to appoint a proper person because that person happens to be a Catholic. Church connections one way or another have nothing to do officially with citizenship and public service. The only point at which church and state should be allowed to touch in this country is freedom of worship. The Catholic who holds to that vital American principle is worthy of any American office for which he is competent; the citizen who does not hold to that principle is unworthy of any civic office, whatever his church connections. Persons and papers that demand Catholic representation in the President's cabinet, and those that oppose appointments of Catholics merely because they are Catholics, need reminding that the United States is a republic of citizens regardless of church membership and not of church members regardless of citizenship.—*The Public.*

The law of nature is, do the thing, and you shall have the power; but they who do not the thing have not the power.

—*Emerson.*

The Unitarian Advance

A Monthly Magazine of Progress in Religion
GEORGE H. BADGER, EDITOR

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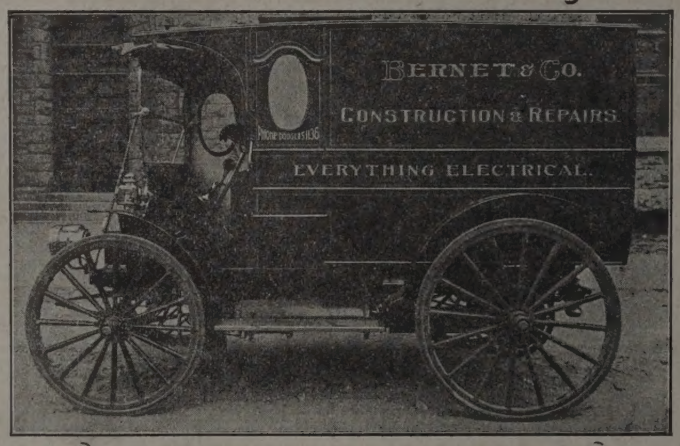

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